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AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS:

CONCERNING WAITS.

MY DEAR READERS,—

HAS it ever occurred to you that there are several different kinds of Waits, despite the fact that the mind of each is filled with the same desire—the collecting of money? It may be for a charitable object, it may be for themselves, (an equally charitable object considering that we are taught that charity begins at home), or it is even possible that they are doing it for the sake of hearing their own voices and for what they call "the fun of the thing."

In the first place, there are Waits who wait, but there are a great many more who rush hurriedly through one verse of a carol, and then toss up for who shall knock at the front door. There are more of the latter than of the brand who struggle through verse after verse, carol after carol, with a final burst on "Bless Thee, Merry Gentlemen" before they knock timidly and ask for largesse. It is probable that they know that you are not over merry, and that you are trying to discover how one pound ten in coppers will pay the rent, purchase a turkey, and then leave something over to buy a present for the wife.

It is remarkable how simple it is to tell the old-stagers from the raw beginners at carol singing. The old hand stands well up to the door as he sings, his lips probably close to the letter box, as if he is trying to deliver himself; but when you open the door you will find that he is no longer on the mat, but is standing conveniently close to the gate, one hand held out for alms and the other on the latch. It is the novice, full of the confidence of the unbitten and unchased, who plants his feet on the untruthful mat that has "Welcome" printed across it, and who wonders whether his pockets will be large enough to hold all the money he is going to collect, and whether or not it will be the right thing for him to accept your invitation to supper.

Oh, take warning! The season of large boots is with us, my merry gentlemen.

Taking it all in all, I am not sure that Waits as a body have my sympathy, though I am weak enough to allow them to have a certain amount of my money, but there is one section of them with whom I sympathise, and, if I were more blessed with this world's goods, I would help them more than is now possible. I am speaking of the small boy or girl, rather fearful of the knock or ring that they have given—large-eyed, usually ragged, always thin-voiced; ill-clad, ill-fed, even dirty. Cleanliness is next to godliness they say, yet I would rather favour the chances of these dirty children entering Heaven than I would those of the well-fed, cleanly people (I am only talking of cleanliness with regard to the use of soap) who turn them away from their doors, often with a rough word, occasionally with a blow.

Aye, I know that these unfortunate children, these mites of shreds and patches, are merely out to make money. Well, what of it? Can you expect them to wax poetical about the weather that chills the thin blood in their veins, can you wonder that they are not like the "merry gentlemen" they sing about? Have you ever thought what a few coppers means to these bits of flotsam and jetsam? Has it ever occurred to you that the coppers in your pocket, which you would not miss, may mean something like a glimpse of an earthly heaven to these husky-voiced children? Don't make the old canting excuse that they are begging; and, if you don't want to give, admit it, and don't make a virtue of your meanness. Don't send a servant to the door to turn them away, but go out and see them; then, if you come back into your warm room without giving—it is no further use talking to you.

Many of these poor children have the eyes of stray dogs, who hope for food but expect a kick. Who is it and what is it has given them that expression when they are young enough to have an unbounded faith in mankind?

A penny given to a child will do you more service in the hereafter than a five-pound donation at the top of a printed list. None of your friends may know that you have given the penny, but that really does not matter. Your friends are of the Earth, too.

Perhaps, you may still argue, the penny will be spent on unwholesome sweets, or a toy that will be broken in a week. Even if it is, remember that the small sum "wasted" means a great pleasure to the child. Do these children have so much pleasure in their lives that you would grudge them it at the cost of the penny so tardily given? I tell you a child sometimes buys happiness for a penny, and be content with that, for only a few years later they will not get the same value even for gold. Let them sing of "merry gentlemen" and "peace," and remember that they are children, many of whom depend upon your charity for their merry Christmas.

I shouldn't be a bit surprised if some of these youngsters go to the pantomime on the strength of their takings, and I can almost see them, wide-eyed and wonderful to behold, squeezed into the front row of the gallery, drinking in the Spirit of Pantomime. Again, there are those who would consider this waste, and would recommend that the money would be better spent on food.

Your pardon, but I think you are wrong. Sixpence spent to catch a glimpse of earthly paradise is better spent than for food. Remember that these children do not see the hard-working men and women behind the paint and the gorgeous costumes. They see the fairy-story as a fairy-story, and they see Princes as Princes. They don't require a programme; they don't want to know that Prince Dash is known off the stage as Zelie Marriot. It is nothing to them, for they are looking [illegible] them!—looking a belief in fairies, and princes, and clowns who drag strings of sausages from the windows of unsuspecting tradesmen? You know you have, and that right back in your hearts there is a hard, dry feeling caused by the throwing out of all these fancies and a taking in of the hard, merciless truths of later life. But because you cannot go back, do not force the children forward; do not wake them out of their dreams, for age will do that soon enough.

"God bless you, merry gentleman!" Think of it, think of what the shrill voices are wishing you; believe in its truth, and give. Perhaps then you will in reality be a merry gentleman, even if you are not able to buy the new overcoat that you have been thinking about. It is not always a thick overcoat that makes a warm heart.

Give! Risk some of your charity going to impostors, for the rest will do good. Give freely according to your means, and don't wait for the subscription list that will herald your charity abroad. Hide your light under a bushel, even if the light be a very large and bright one, for charity needs no advertisement. Remember that it is only the accident of birth that makes you well fed and clothed, and that your children might be straining their little voices out on someone else's doormat. Don't you convince yourself that it is your surpassing genius that enables you to send your children to a good school, to feed and clothe them well. Remember in time that a few small reverses, a setting back in your course, the shares going down that ought to have gone up, the business that ought to have flourished turning out a failure, and your children might be singing in doorways for pennies.

"And the greatest of these is Charity."

God bless you, merry gentlemen—[illegible]as!

He stands conveniently close to the gate, one hand held out for alms, and the other on the latch.

MY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

— BY —

A CABMAN. A PORTER. A PANTOMIME PRODUCER.
A POLICEMAN. A WAITER. A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

Customers are very impatient.

BY A CABMAN.

MERRY Christmas indeed! What with motor-'buses, and taxi-cabs, and wet weather, I shall think myself lucky if I get more than a bob or two to take home to the missus and the kids after my day's work.

I drive a hansom cab on ordinary days, and a few years ago I would no more have thought of turning out on Christmas Day than of flying. But times alter, and now I have to go out with an old "growler" when other people are having their little bit of roast beef in front of the fire.

It's hard on the kids, because they used to enjoy their bit of fun with their Daddy once a year, for it isn't often I get an afternoon at home. But competition is so keen nowadays that I can't afford the time off.

I go out with a "growler"—that is, a four-wheeled cab—because Christmas Day is generally cold and dismal and wet, and people like to wrap up and keep in the warm as much as possible. Besides this, they generally have parcels and wraps to carry, which they can't get conveniently into a hansom.

I generally start out about ten o'clock, prowling round the West End squares, on the look-out for a chance shilling or two from old parties who want to be driven to church. In the afternoon, if I'm lucky, there is something to be picked up out of kids going to parties, and bringing them back again; but there isn't much money to be made out of kids because they are mostly in charge of their nurse, and she daren't pay more than the legal fare.

Christmas evenings are pretty slow, because the theatres are all closed, but I have to keep out all the time, and perhaps about ten or eleven o'clock I may strike lucky with someone who wants to be driven home, and is feeling generous. Then I may get a bob or so over my fare.

But it's miserable work, nothing like what it used to be. I have to take out a cab and two horses, which costs me the best part of a quid, and I do a fourteen-hour day in the cold and the wet. Whether I make a bob or two out of my Christmas depends more on luck than anything else.

Here's wishing myself a good day!

BY A PANTOMIME-PRODUCER.

Dirty and tired out, but still hard at work after having seen the clock round two nights in succession, and with another twenty-four hours' hard work before me, that, my lords and masters, is the Merry Christmas of a pantomime-producer. There is no fur-coat, diamond-stud, or big cigar for me.

It is rarely that I get a chance to lie in a bed at all during Christmas week. My only rest is an odd hour or two, snatched when I can get it, in an easy chair in my office at the theatre.

All day long, for three or four days preceding Boxing-Day, I am trying to preserve some sort of order amongst the frantic scene-painters, property-makers, carpenters, stage-hands and performers, who are all working against time and have a firm conviction that nothing will be finished by the first night.

Throughout the day, and far into the night, I have rehearsals to attend to, scenes and ballets to re-model or "cut," and mistakes and disasters, which inevitably occur at the last moment, to rectify with lightning-like dispatch.

Telegrams and messages pour in upon me. Half the "principals" have severe colds. Sucking voice lozenges with thick mufflers round their throats, and with red noses and watery eyes, they pour dismal warnings into my ear that they will not be able to speak a word, or that all their best sayings must be "cut" for the occasion.

The dress rehearsal on Christmas Eve drags on until the early hours of Christmas morning. Half the scenery has some defect which hitherto has failed to catch the eye, but which now stands forth in all its glaring incongruity. An army of painters and stage-carpenters make hasty alterations under my direction.

Dresses, too, want altering, and many "properties" have to be abandoned and others substituted, whilst scenes and songs have to be rigorously gone through with a blue pencil in order to squeeze the performance within a reasonable amount of time.

By the evening, however, everything is well in hand for the next evening's ordeal, and I stagger wearily home to a bath and bed, promising to be down at the theatre early in the morning for a final look round.

BY A POLICEMAN.

On the beat on Christmas Day is about as miserable a way of celebrating the anniversary as anyone could think of. It is like putting a packet of sweets in front of a child and telling him he mustn't touch.

As I tramp wearily along the streets, my boots slushing through the slime, I hear the sound of music and laughter in every house I pass, whilst under half-drawn blinds I see happy families feasting before roaring fires.

And I think of the many hours of duty before me, as every pedestrian who passes by wishes me a "Merry Christmas" as he hurries along.

Burglars have to be more carefully watched for on Christmas night than at any other time of the year, for in most places all the household are gathered together in one room for long periods and there are fewer people in the streets.

This is the burglar's opportunity, and many a rich haul has been secured from bed-rooms in suburban villas under cover of the noisy merry-making down below.

Tramps, too, with plausible tales, hang around areas or kitchen-doors in the hopes of getting something in the way of a Christmas-box, either by blandishments or guile, whilst beggars lurk at empty street corners to blackmail elderly or timid people who come their way.

Late in the evening order has to be preserved amongst the noisy holiday-makers returning home, and "drunks" and "disorderlies" have to be taken away to spend their Christmas night in a police cell.

People resent being called to order for drunkenness or horseplay at Christmas time more than on ordinary days, so there is little rest or comfort for the policeman who has to be on duty.

BY A WAITER.

People don't pity the poor waiter at a restaurant on Christmas Day, because they think we must make such a lot of money. Well, what if we do? Who wants to make money on Christmas Day? I'm sure I don't.

Nowadays, with the new fashion in Society of dining out at Christmas, we are always full up at every table, so we have to do it. But if anybody else could take the job for the day, I would willingly give them the money.

Christmas Eve and Christmas Day are the two hardest days in the year. Tables are booked up weeks in advance, and extra accommodation has generally to be provided. All the day through we are being literally run off our legs, and if, owing to the crush, the waiting isn't all that it ought to be, we suffer for it far more than we should at other times.

Customers at Christmas-time have very little consideration and very little patience. They are out to enjoy themselves, and if any little thing goes wrong or you keep them waiting any time, they don't forget to let you know it.

The waiter's Christmas starts quite early in the day, polishing the silver, getting the tables ready, and taking instructions from the manager regarding any special parties. Four hands and a special memorandum-book in the brain would not be sufficient with ordinary people to cope with the hundreds of little things we are supposed to do or remember, and heaven help the man who [illegible] hurrying up the wine steward, and rushing back to the tables with every course.

At twelve o'clock, absolutely dead-beat, we have to tidy up for the next day, put away the silver, count over our money, and journey home to bed.

When I wish the Manager a belated "Good night and a merry Christmas" at one o'clock in the morning, I thank my stars it only comes once a year.

BY A NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

At half-past ten on Christmas morning, when the rest of my family circle are just preparing for a jovial day together, I shall trudge along the deserted pavements of Fleet Street to the office, for I have to be on duty before eleven o'clock.

If any big accident, severe storm, or other important but unforeseen event has taken place, I shall have to hurry away, spending the best part of my Christmas in a draughty railway-carriage, and the rest of it in feverishly rushing between the scene of the disaster and the telegraph office.

If there is nothing more important on, I shall have to spend the morning and afternoon doing a round of the principal churches, workhouses, and hospitals, in order to write up a graphic description of how Christmas Day was spent.

By six o'clock I shall be back at the office again, where the unfortunate sub-editors will be just arriving, having their Christmas festivities cut short just at the very time when the greatest fun begins.

Telegrams will begin to pour in from every quarter, describing how Christmas has been spent in other towns all over the civilised world, whilst other reports will arrive in shoals, by telephone and messenger, giving interesting details of out-of-the-way happenings in connection with the day's celebrations.

All these I shall have to read carefully through, making a collection of the most interesting, and using them to supplement my own article on how Christmas has been spent.

An hour or more will be occupied in the task of selection, whilst it will take me another hour or more to write my own article and put the whole composition into shape, ready for the printers to set in type.

With luck, at 9.30 I shall wish my colleagues "A Merry Christmas—and many of them!" and go wearily home to bed.

Portering requires patience.

BY A RAILWAY PORTER.

Christmas week is bad enough with the excursions — which don't hardly ever "tip"—and the extra traffic of every kind, but to be on duty on Christmas Day fairly gives you the hump.

It isn't so much the being busy that matters then—in fact I wish we were busier, because very few people travel on Christmas Day if they can help it—it's the standing about all day long doing next to nothing that gets on your nerves.

Then, too, the people that do travel are so cross and disagreeable, there's no pleasing them, and a second-class passenger on Christmas Day wants as much waiting on as a "saloon special." They must have their corner seats—just as if coaches were made up of nothing but cosy corners, and if they don't get them they want to eat my blooming head off.

Very few of them think to bring books with them, and when they get settled down they find they haven't got anything to read, and that sets them off grumbling again. Just as if I could keep the book-stalls open for them. Good luck to those who can get a holiday is what I say—it's no good talking to me about it.

But the ones that are coming into London are worse still. They get out cold and hungry and miserable, and find they can't get anything to eat, and there aren't any cabs on the rank.

If you do anything for them you get a cold twopence and an ungrateful sniff, just as though looking after people in a draughty railway-station all day, when you ought to be out enjoying yourself, was nothing but beer and skittles.

No, if you want "A Merry Christmas" don't come round the railway-stations looking for it, for you won't get any.

PLAYING IN PANTOMIME.
Miss Valli Valli as Princess Aramanthe at Theatre Royal, Newcastle.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

BY THE PROMPTER.

OWING to the regrettable fact that the secret of self-duplication has yet to be discovered, I was, unfortunately, unable to be present at the first night of "The Agitator," a one-act play written by Mrs. Oscar Beringer for a curtain-raiser to the ever-popular "Brewster's Millions." Since then, however, I have rectified this shortcoming, and can now endorse all, and any, kind things which have been written about this exceedingly clever little play. Indeed, I cannot refrain from saying that I found "The Agitator" perfectly delightful. The heroine is the chief work-girl of a jam factory, the employés of which are on strike, and in the play we find Kitty Kemp, just a little bit of a thing with, however, the pluck of a V.C. hero and the endurance of a Hackenschmidt, doing her level best—and succeeding uncommonly well, too—to keep her fellow-workers up to the mark—the strike mark, that is to say.

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Finally, after one has racked one's brain to try and think how Mrs. Beringer's little play will end, things are brought to a climax when Kitty scares the chief of the firm out of his mind by trying to commit suicide. The strikers' demands are granted in wholesale manner, and jubilation reigns supreme. Quite the hit of the evening—and the biggest hit of many evenings past, for that matter—is made by pretty Miss Marjorie Murray, of whom I confess I had not heard before, who is simply great as the heroine. For the rest, a note must be made of Mr. George Lestocq, who gives quite a life-like representation of a reporter.

PLAYING IN PANTOMIME.
Miss Gladys Cooper, principal girl in "The Babes in the Wood" at Glasgow.

Even if you have already seen "Brewster's Millions" you should make a point of going to see the curtain-raiser, "The Agitator," which, in its own way, is quite a gem.

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Max Darewski, the wonderful child musician, who conducts orchestras as easily and successfully as most other children eat sweets or trundle hoops, has "caught on" at the Hippodrome. And no wonder, for the little prodigy is quite a marvel, and unlike many infant prodigies, has, I think, come to stop—not to sink into oblivion as soon as he grows too big for knickerbockers. Only the other night I was having a chat with the little man, who comes of a musical family, and in the frankest, most confiding manner he was telling me about some of his trials and troubles.

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"Do you know?" he said, quite mournfully, "I think child musicians have more real troubles than most grown-up people, though, to be sure, most people seem to think that to earn the reputation of being 'an infant prodigy' is — well — something well worth earning. I, however, am not quite sure about this. I will tell you why. It may seem a dreadful confession to have to make, but within the last few years I have been to the police court more times than I care to remember. I have not been there because of some offence against the law, but merely because I happen to have the misfortune to be under sixteen, and, as everybody knows, no child performer under that age is allowed to appear in public until a licence from a magistrate has been obtained.

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"Then, again, whenever I appear in public all sorts of people, especially children, wait after the performance to shake hands with me. Since I first appeared in public I have shaken hands with quite twenty thousand children. I have to cram so many different lessons into my day's work that by the time I go to bed at night I feel I have thoroughly earned my rest, for, in addition to my music practice, I have to do just the same lessons as all other boys and girls; and when still more work, such as signing postcards, thumbing 'thumbographs,' and kissing 'kissographs,' is included, it will be seen that I have by no means an idle time. Still, as I am very ambitious, and hope one day to make a great name, I really do not mind one little bit, though now and again I envy those boys and girls who do not have to work as hard as I do."

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—ho retired

train. What an idle man Mr. Hicks is, isn't he? He attends to business all day, then manages and practically carries on his own shoulders one of the biggest successes of the moment in the evening, during which, now and again, he finds time to jump into a hanson, ready waiting at the stage-door, and look in to superintend his sketch at the Tivoli, after which he dashes back to the Aldwych, brings down the house, and then hurls himself into a hansom once more, catches the midnight train to Brighton, and is back again in London the next morning at eleven o'clock, looking as fit as a fiddle and as fresh as a lark. Gad! he must have a constitution of iron and the energy of a regiment of soldiers.

***

On Jan. 4 Mr. Beerbohm Tree has arranged to start his next season at His Majesty's. His first production will be "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," which, playgoers may remember, when recently produced at Cardiff, was an immense success. Later on Mr. Tree has arranged to present "The Beloved Vagabond," by W. J. Locke, and Messrs. Comyns Carr and Stephen Phillips's new version of "Faust," in which, of course, Mr. Tree will play Mephistopheles. A strong programme indeed.

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Truly times change. We read that Tommy Burns, who recently defeated Gunner Moir for the heavy-weight championship of the world, commenced his theatrical career in England at the London, Shoreditch, which has been re-named the Shoreditch Empire, at the "just-able-to-live-upon-it-somehow" salary of £300 per week. And yet Burns is far from a champion of the first class, and would scarcely compare favourably with such past stars as Mitchell, Kilrain, or that fine old man—old in years, but young in spirit—Jem Mace, none of whom, I imagine, ever received a salary of anything like this amount for appearing in England on the music-halls. Seemingly, however, these are days when people will pay anything to witness the latest "sensation," which seems to me rather to be deplored. There is something so unrestful about it all.

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George Robey will be the bright particular star at the Newcastle pantomime this Christmas; Miss Carrie Moore will appear as the Prince in "Cinderella" at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, at which theatre Miss Phyllis Dare is appearing in the title-rôle; Miss Daisy Jerome is appearing in "Mother Goose"; Miss Zena Dare goes with "The Gay Gordons," to Glasgow; and Miss Marie Studholme, to the same [illegible] "Miss Hook of Holland."

[illegible] stars of

THE ADVENTURES OF BRANDON BARR, SOLICITOR.

By Henry T. Johnson, Author of "Miss Desperado," "With This Ring," etc.

No. VIII.—THE PRINCESS AND THE BLACKMAILER.

THERE was one formula Brandon Barr avoided at 6A, Sackville Street—"Pleased to see you." People he liked he didn't like to see coming to the Skeleton Cupboard.

Accordingly, when her Serene Highness Princess Irene of Lichtenberg was announced, he laid down the pretty card bearing a dainty diadem in its corner with quite a pang, for they were the best of friends, and, as she entered, he perceived that her Serene Highness was in a far from serene state of mind.

The beautiful face was drawn with an expression of mental anguish, the eyes had the uneasy, shifty look of helpless dread.

"My dear, dear Irene," he asked, "whatever is the trouble?"

"Trouble's hardly the word, dear friend," she answered. "Ask me, rather, what is the horror. Believe me, you are the only person in the world to whom I can confide it, and even in this instance I scarcely know how to commence."

"What!" he asked, "Doesn't Sergius know?"

"No," she whispered, biting her beautiful lips. "If he did, I verily believe that he would kill me with his own hand."

Barr stared at her with amazement. He could not, would not, believe that Irene of Lichtenberg, the rare, the radiant, of the silver voice and the golden heart, was other than immaculate.

"Come, come," he said soothingly, "tell me all about it."

Listening to the strong, reassuring voice, looking up into the strong, set face, she felt already more at ease, just as many a patient feels when the doctor is at last at hand.

"Firstly," she said, "I am being blackmailed."

"Aha!" The glow in the deep-set eyes brightened. Not for nothing had the public named Brandon Barr the Blackmailer's Terror. If there was one species of vermin he revelled in running down and breaking up, it was the blackmailer; and the idea of the exquisite Irene being victimised by this class of miscreant set his nerves a-tingle.

"Come, come," he said, "tell me everything. Remember, I am your legal confessor. If I cannot give absolution, I may be able to give you peace. Remember, Irene, I am your devoted friend."

She pressed his hand. "Dear, loyal, preux chevalier," she whispered. Then she asked, quietly, "Tell me, do you believe in kleptomania?"

He knitted his brows.

"Yes, sometimes," he admitted. "Only, I am quite sure that, in a good many instances, what is called kleptomania would be given, in other circumstances, another name."

"Yes," she said; "and, I suppose, in every case the world would be inclined to scepticism."

"Princess," said Barr, "let us for the moment deal, not with generalities, but facts."

"I will come to the facts directly," she answered. "One other question—a stranger one still. Do you believe in *unconscious* kleptomania?"

"Never heard of it," said Barr promptly, "except, perhaps, in connection with somnambulism or hypnotism."

"I am no somnambulist," said the Princess reflectively. "I have only vague ideas with regard to hypnotism, but I am beginning to wonder if one may not be unconsciously subjected to it."

"But, come, come," said Barr, "no one will ever make me believe that you, consciously or otherwise, are a kleptomaniac."

"I should have said the same a while ago, dear friend," she replied, a wistful look in the liquid eyes, clematis blue. "But now to comply with your request for facts.

"Some time ago, returning from a charity bazaar I opened in Kensington, I was astounded when my maid, prior to putting away my furs, produced from the pocket of my seal-coat a gold scent-box, which I had not the least recollection of having purchased. So certain, indeed, was I of not having bought the article that I forthwith wrote to the Secretary of the Committee, inquiring the price of it, if it happened to be unsold, and sent a manservant with the letter and a five-pound note, also with the trinket, in case it had been purchased."

"I'm glad you acted so methodically," said Barr, making a note.

"Very well. A little later, returning from the theatre one night, I was horrified to discover in my fan-sachet—a lady's purse. A purse full of gold, with a coronet and monogram which led me to ascertain that it belonged to our dear friend the Countess of Crinan, whom I had chatted with during an entr'acte."

"In her box—or yours?"

"No, in the corridor leading to her box and mine."

"That is important. Now wait. Do you happen to remember noticing anyone being present or even passing you?"

"Let me see. No, except, perhaps, attendants. I will try to refresh my recollection on this point. . . . Stay! A few ladies and gentlemen passed us going to and from their boxes, but I knew none of them."

"Your maid had no part or lot in this discovery?"

"Oh, no! And Adèle is, of course, above suspicion. She has been with me ever since my début, as you know."

"Of course. Well, what did you do?"

"I returned the parcel by post, anonymously, to Mary."

"That was a pity. Why not have taken it to her and explained?"

The Princess hesitated. "Perhaps that would have been best, only it began to look so odd."

"Who addressed it?"

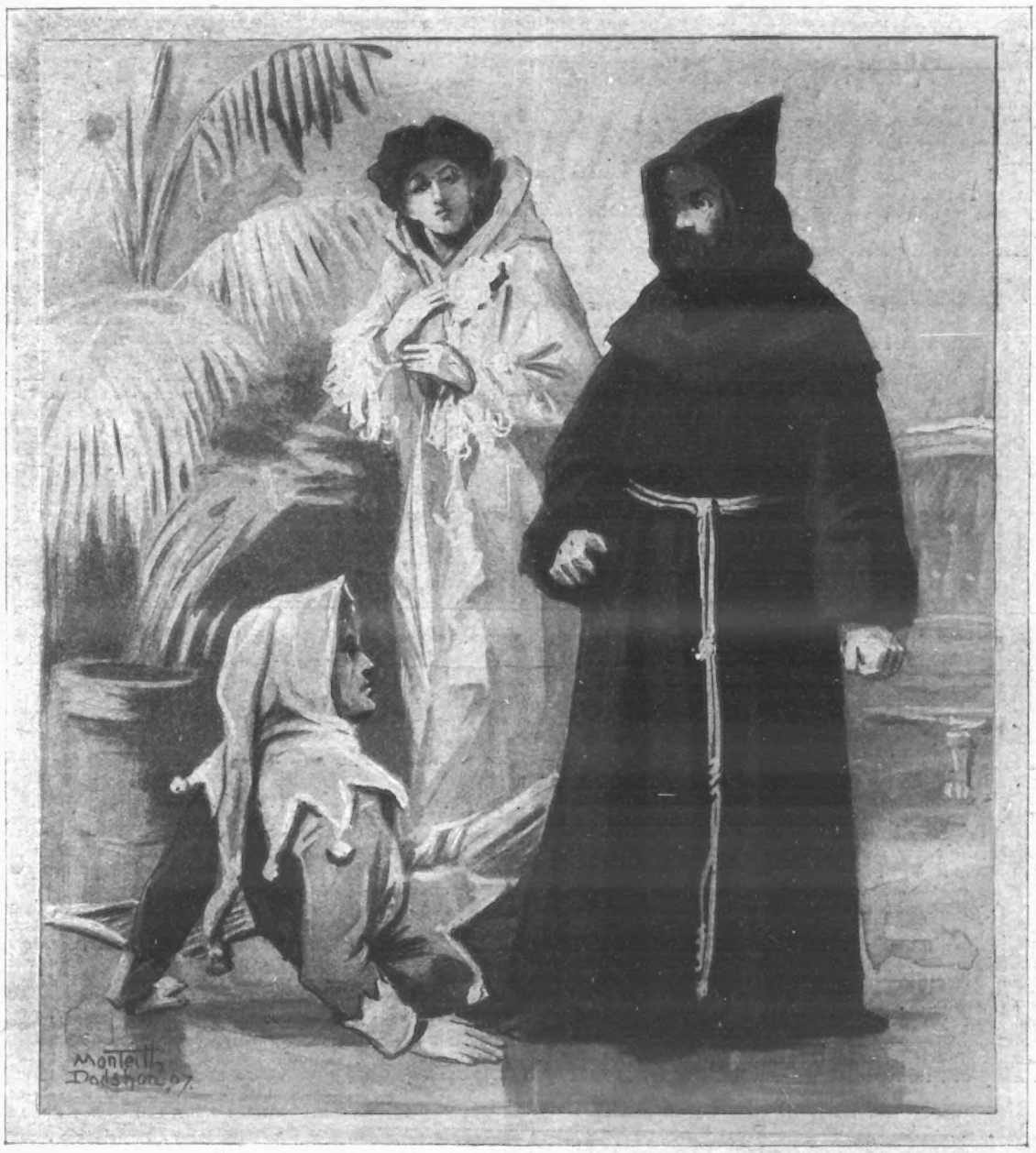
"I did, in a feigned handwriting. The next time I met the Countess she told me all about it, and I was terribly put to it to conceal my confusion."

"Well, what next?"

"The next instance was still more terrible. I had been shopping in Bond Street, and on my return I found various objects in my seal bag, my muff—in the latter a lace handkerchief that I had admired but not bought, considering it too highly priced. A pair of gloves, of all things, a motor veil—the articles seemed to have come there by magic. I was amazed—bewildered, and—I began to get nerves. In a fit of cowardice, I burned them."

"Instead of coming to me first," Brandon Barr interrupted, severely.

"Yes, yes," said the Princess; "I realise that, and bitterly repent it, but the thing was so horrible that I lost my nerve. The series of similar discoveries continued. I began to be absolutely afraid to approach people—to be left in a drawing-room or other place where articles of value were about; at least, the value didn't come into consideration, for many of the articles were practically worthless. At last a second phase of the horror arrived. One morning I received by post this letter."



A strong pair of hands seized the collar of his doublet and he was flung like a log to the floor.

She handed Barr a plain envelope containing an unaddressed and unsigned sheet of notepaper, inscribed as follows—

"Your Serene Highness, this is to warn you that your recently discovered idiosyncrasies have not been unobserved."

"This was the first warning," she said. "Then followed other episodes and other warnings, all unaddressed, all unsigned.

"'You are watched! Beware!'

"Then, in an apparently different handwriting, 'The writer, a detective having been detailed to keep you under observation, has watched your operations in various quarters, and has collated sufficient evidence to place you in the dock to-morrow.'"

"Have you shown these to your husband?"

"My dear Brandon, you know Sergius, his sensitive disposition, his pride, almost with him a religion, his horror of the private life of persons in our position being brought into publicity—I dared not."

"Believe me, the greatest mistake of all," said Barr. "He should—and, I am certain, he would—have been your shield. However, go on."

"At last," said the Princess, "I received this note—

> You are going too far. At the royal wedding on Monday last you stole a diamond-studded bangle, the Archduke's gift to his niece the bride.
>
> "To my horror I had found the thing in my bag-muff on returning from the function. You will observe the letter goes on—
>
> As one of those responsible for the safety of the gifts, I must do something. But the circumstances are so acute, and I have so much doubt as to your responsibility for your actions, that I hesitate even to do my duty. With a view to avoiding a recurrence of these awful episodes, and of saving you from yourself, I advise you to be walking by the Round Pond, in Kensington Gardens, to-morrow forenoon, at noon.
>
> One who would Fain be a Friend."

While Brandon Barr intently scanned this and the previous missives, he said, quietly: "Pray go on. I assure you I am listening to every word."

And the Princess proceeded—

"I suppose it was an additional weakness, but next morning I repaired to the rendezvous, unattended, my heart fluttering like a bird's."

"Unattended! I wish I had known," said Brandon Barr; "I would have taken care that you went there only apparently so. However, go on."

And the Princess continued—

"By-and-bye I heard a voice at my elbow: 'You are as wise as beautiful; be careful to return my salutation.' And presently the speaker, passing on, paused, as though regarding intently a clump of adjacent shrubs, and raised his hat. I bowed, and suffered him to walk beside me for some distance.

"Somewhat to my surprise, he was a person of superior appearance, and obviously of considerable culture. He muttered incidentally a hurried apology for his course of action and an assurance that it was adopted in my interest. 'Believe me, Madame,' he said, 'I am convinced that you are the victim of a malady known to the scientists as unconscious kleptomania. You are the involuntary, even the unknowing, oblivious subject of strange psychological impulses, of a paralysis alike of will-power and consciousness. Nor is your case unique. I will do all I can to save you.'

"He spoke so earnestly that I was impelled to believe in his sincerity. My own awful discoveries appeared to corroborate his story. I stubbornly, however, refused to make any admissions, though the comprehensiveness and detail of his familiarity with my movements appalled me. He pleaded quite earnestly with me to fight against whatever impulse affected me, and when I repudiated consciousness of any such, he said: 'I believe you implicitly; but I repeat, your case confirms the theory of some of our greatest mental specialists.'

"Finally, he promised that, should he, while on duty watching any of the great Society functions where detectives are in requisition, observe me under subjection to this paralysis of consciousness and impulse to crime, he would then and there endeavour by some means to warn and restrain me. With this promise he left me."

"And his price?" Brandon Barr inquired.

"He asked none—received none. And this fact to my mind strengthened his case. He assured me that his only motive was sympathy and—and——"

Her Serene Highness coloured slightly, "he hinted his sympathy was quickened by admiration, the admiration, as he expressed it, 'of one on the earth and of the earth for a distant star.'"

Brandon Barr pursed his lips in an inaudible whistle.

"On the following Saturday," said her ladyship, "I went to Queen's Club to

see my cousin the Marquis in the Hurdles Race. Passing out of the grand stand, I observed Mr. Stainforth, as he called himself, at my elbow. 'Take no notice of me,' he said, 'but return home. The hypnotic kleptomaniac influence is clearly asserting itself upon you. It is useless to express amazement or indignation. Just now you snatched a lady's purse from her pocket, it is in your sunshade.'"

"Great heaven!" I exclaimed. I had been realising a strange weight in it, and I observed then a slight bulge in it.

"I appealed to him in terror what should I do? 'I will save you,' he said, 'give me the purse, it shall be returned to the owner. Meet me, dear Princess, to-morrow, and I will report what has happened.'"

"Insensate that I was, I complied, and the next day was at the tryst. And he reported having met with unexpected difficulties. The lady whose purse had been stolen had communicated with the police. In the course of restoring the booty he himself had unavoidably aroused strange suspicions. One of his colleagues had been observing my movements, certain voices had to be silenced with gold. In an access of terror, I promised to send a cheque to an address he gave—which transpired to be a poste restante.

"I of course kept my promise."

Barr shook his head deploringly.

"Deeper and deeper," he sighed.

"So I now perceive," said the Princess, "for this audacious man approached me for interview after interview, and when I refused to grant one, became even more urgent in demanding one, began to threaten consequences, and when, in growing terror I attended his appointments, he became more insistent in his demands. The price of the hush-money went up by leaps and bounds. I have already paid him, I may say, upwards of £1000, and the coward has reminded me that those very payments by cheque constitute corroborative evidence against me, has even intimated an intention of bringing them, in the event of my obduracy, to the knowledge of the Prince, my husband."

At last her voice sank to a whisper, the beautiful lashes drooped over the clematis-blue eyes, and rested on the rose-leaf cheeks.

"He dared to address me in presumptuous terms, to declare a mad passison, for me, and when I turned upon him in an outburst of indignation, he broke all bounds and swore that if I spurned his love, my world should spurn me."

Biting her lips, the poor Princess wrung her beautiful hands in silent anguish.

"And these extraordinary discoveries of stolen property continued?"

"They still continue."

"Tell me," said Barr, quickly, "have you observed any coincidence between this man's presence on the scene and the occurrence of these discoveries of unconsidered trifles?"

"Only on one or two occasions," said the Princess.

"Is any appointment outstanding, may I ask?"

"Oh, Brandon, don't smile, and pray don't be sarcastic. I came to you as my sworn friend to help me."

"And I swear I will if possible," Brandon Barr answered, quickly, "believe me, that smile was at this man's audacity."

She pressed the outstretched hand, gratefully. "Forgive me," she said. "And now to your question. Last night I received this letter: 'I shall be on Friday night at the Fancy Dress Ball made up as a troubadour. If you are wise you will be there also. If you are in a domino and mask wear a white rose at your shoulder. This is my last appeal to you. Refuse compliance and I strike. Answer to 'Desperate' in *Times* Agony column—yes or no.'

"And you will see the letter goes on to the effect he demands the remittance to a certain address—22, Piper Street—of banknotes for £100?"

"One moment," said Brandon Barr, striding across to a shelf and consulting a "Post Office Directory." "Piper Street—yes, yes, h'm, h'm—Hairdresser. Yes, I think we've got it here."

And taking down another book, cut in index form, he found the name appearing at that address in the Directory, and against it this entry: "Receives letters for the A, Q, and X Sections." And Barr whispered softly to himself—"Now I think we're on the track. Princess, you must comply with both requests."

Her Serene Highness stared.

* * * *

The gaiety of the Covent Garden ball was in full swing. It was as though all the characters in all the pageants had foregathered and mixed up. Music and laughter mingled; a motley crowd watched with gay interest the motley dancers.

A somewhat handsome, not exactly pleasant man, garbed as a species of jongleur and bearing a property lute, approached a willowy form enveloped in a red domino adorned with white roses.

"Masked or unmasked," he said, "I should know you in a thousand by those eyes. Let us find a cosy corner."

Shrinking from contact, the lady yet suffered him to lead her from the music and the throng towards a coign of vantage, partly ambushed by shrubs and palms, and with no one adjacent save a hooded monk, whose attitude no less than his snore betokened an unmonastic appreciation of the wine-cup.

Seating himself beside the lady, the troubadour attempted to take her hand, but she withdrew it with swift indignation. "You forget who I am, Sir, and you forget yourself. Tell me what you have to say, and leave me to return to my carriage."

"No, no, Irene; dismiss your carriage. I want you to sup with me to-night—not here, but at a snug little place I know, where the wines are as rare as your sparkling eyes.

"As it is useless to request you to behave yourself, I will leave you," she said, rising.

But he stood in her path. "Then you won't listen to reason, Madame la Princesse," he laughed mockingly. "Well, upon my word, Lichtenberg is welcome to you, with the record I'll have established for you within a week. You know England and the English. You know the world well enough, with its favourite text, 'Where there's smoke there's fire,' and you know that in this country, though sometimes there's one law for the rich and another for the poor, when it comes to downright picking and stealing, there's only one law for both, and I swear I'll give you into the talons of that law."

"Let me pass, Sir!" He was flushed with wine, and the flash of her eyes fired the rampant blood in his veins.

"I tell you I can crush you, Irene, Princess though you are. I have you in my power. I swear I'll kiss you to-night. By the Lord Harry! I'll kiss you now!"

He clutched at the lace-clouded wrist, but a pair of strong hands seized the collar of his doublet. He was flung like a log to the floor. And that monk, far less jovial now than stern and truculent, standing over him, exclaimed—

"You hound! I've been wanting you a long while."

Then to a couple of men in the garb of waiters, quickly—

"Officers, that's the man you want, I think."

"That's our man, Mr. Barr," said one of them. "We've got the lady already across the way."

And in a moment the bracelets clicked on the wrists of Fly Charlie, alias Charles Stainforth, alias Feather-touch, and several other names or titles.

"So that's your game!" the captured man hissed, with a baleful glance at the Princess. "It 'll be a nice show-up for you."

"I don't think it will," said Brandon Barr. "Look here, my friend, the length of the indictment against you and the length of your sentence will materially depend on how you behave yourself. Take that from me. So much as breathe this lady's name, and I swear I 'll make it strong enough to get you fifteen years!"

The blackmailer's defiant gaze quailed before the steady eyes of the man who had already on previous occasions secured for him sundry terms with or without hard labour.

* * * *

"Brandon," said the Princess, returning Park Lane-wards in her electric brougham, "what did those men mean when they said they'd secured the lady? And what does it all mean?"

"Simply," said Brandon Barr, "that they had just previously arrested Carlotta Gianini, the cleverest woman pickpocket in Europe, whom they've been shadowing all to-night, though not so closely as she for six months has been shadowing you."

"Shadowing me?"

"Exactly. To-night, as the Zingari Girl, who saucily offered to tell our fortunes. Formerly the theatre attendant, in all probability; and who hovered, disguised as a theatre attendant, around you at the Opera; the ostensible hospital nurse, who has hovered in your vicinity at one or two charity bazaars. She has been in all those guises and others during the last three months. As I have ascertained at Scotland Yard and elsewhere since I saw you."

"But how did you know?"

"This way," said Barr. "I took care that when your blackmailer called at the hairdresser's in Piper Street for your last remittance that he should be waited for and identified. This was done. It would, however, have been premature to have arrested him then and there, but having recognised him as Fly Charlie, the notorious blackmailer and all-round wrong 'un, the next natural step was to look up the recent movements of Carlotta, his right-hand myrmidon and victim. Having ascertained from inquiries that she had been seen haunting the places I have named, in the garb I have described, theory was easy. This nimble-fingered lady, the cleverest girl-thief on the Continent, has been picking pockets and shadowing you, deftly planting her booty on you, in your bag, your jacket-pocket, your muff, and so on. Laying the trail, so to speak, for her blackmailing partner to pursue."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Princess. "This explains it all. But who could imagine such iniquity to exist! Dear friend, how can I show my gratitude?"

"By easing your own mind, telling the Prince everything, and, in future, never being persuaded or coerced to grant appointments to any stranger without his knowledge."

"I promise," said the Princess.

And she kept her word.

THE MAMMOTH FUN CITY.

THE second Mammoth Fun City opens its doors to the public to-day (Tuesday). This year, even more than last, it will be found a veritable Wonderland, in addition to the items already announced in detail being a free aerial and equestrian entertainment of nine separate and distinct "turns," or only one less than would constitute a full programme at our leading variety theatres, by Beketow's Russian Circus (from Hengler's). This show will include an act presented by M. Beketow himself, M. Emil, the horseback juggler, the Van Houst Dutch Eccentrics, Hubert Cooke, equestrian comedian, the Three Frenchs, Mlle. Helene Gerard, Amando, greatest of Continental clowns, Emilio and his baby elephant, and those marvellous aerial gymnasts, the Lepicqs, including Mlle. Lepicq's 120-ft. dive head foremost from the roof of Olympia.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE proof of the great popularity and success of the World's Fair with the amusement-seeking public is further strengthened by the fact that the lessee has taken over another large hall of the Agricultural Hall, Islington, adjoining the great main hall, and which it almost equals in size, wherein will be found a vast number and variety of shows, games, and general amusements. The lessee's prolonged tour through the Continent this spring and summer has resulted in his engaging a big variety of entirely new talent of every description in all branches of the profession, particularly so as regards Hanneford's Great Canadian Free Circus and Aerial Shows, which are big features of this vast amalgamation. The price of admission is sixpence.

Readers when writing Advertisers should mention "P. I. P."

The Childrens Corner

SAMBO'S REVENGE.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

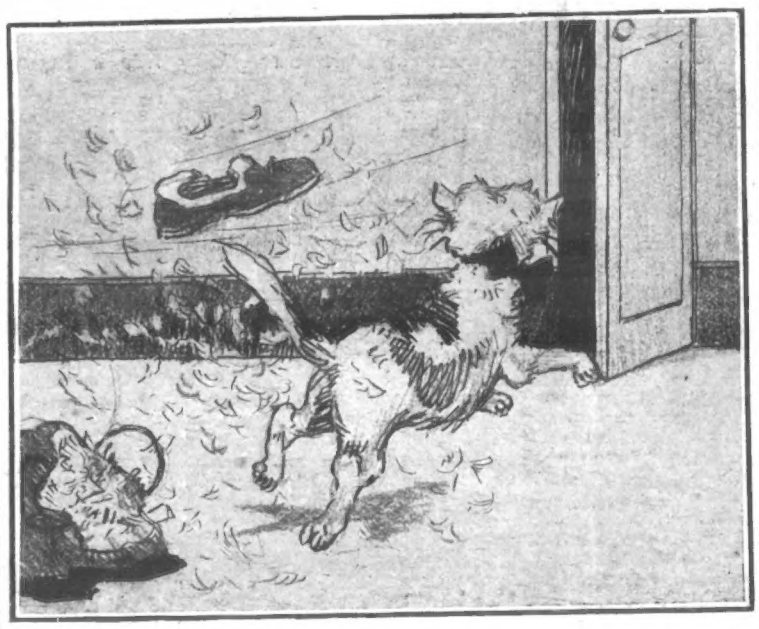
COOK was busy rolling out the dough, while Sambo sat on the chair in front of the fire asking as plainly as any intelligent cat could ask, for something to eat. But cook was wondering if she had put enough water with the flour, and her fat face was wrinkled up into a red, greasy pucker of anxiety.

"Purra—meow—oo—mee—ee—u!" cried Sambo, opening his yellow eyes and staring over at her pleadingly; but up and down went cook's goodly row of chins, while she rolled the pastry over and over for the mince-pies.

Presently Sambo got up, and quietly stole over to the cupboard—sniffing as hard as a starving cat could sniff. "Ah—um—oh," and out jumped his eyes eagerly as he smelt a delicious, beautiful odour proceeding from the corner near the pantry. Softly and noiselessly went Sambo's paws over towards that irresistible smell. Ah! there it was—he had found out what it was that sent forth that glorious little! appetising breath—IT WAS A GOOSE—THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE. Sure enough it was the very goose for the Christmas dinner that had drawn Sambo over to that corner as nothing else could have done: so this sly, lynx-eyed Sambo sat quietly in his corner, looking from the cook to the bag where the white feathers peeped through the basket-work. Wait—only wait till an opportunity came—and he'd have his revenge on that red, fat, *well-fed*-looking cook who hummingly rolled out the pastry for the Christmas pies, and actually let him starve! Ugh! The cruel heartlessness of the creature—and Sambo actually shuddered at such a lack of feeling!

Oh, how those white feathers fascinated Sambo's round, unblinking eyes! How that delicious smell charmed his small, rather flat-looking nose! And how his heart yearned for a bite of the goose! Just one little spring, one little dart, grasp the prize between his teeth, a hasty exit through the scullery window, and then—and then—he'd have the most exquisitely delicious feast of his lifetime. Sambo peeped over cautiously at cook's fat, chubby arms as they moved backwards and forwards, keeping time with the little swaying movement of her several chins. Ugh! what a fat, horrible, *well-fed*-looking creature she was, thought Sambo, with a shiver of disgust.

Then Sambo set to and worked out his little plot. Presently she'd go out to light the oven: he knew that much. Oh yes, my dear, he was a very observant animal; scarcely a movement passed before his round, rather staring, eyes, but what he took good stock of it and weighed it carefully in his mind so as to decide the meaning of it, for presently it might come in handy.



COOK'S SLIPPER FLEW ACROSS THE ROOM AFTER HIM.

Oh! It had come—much sooner than he had expected. Cook paused before the nice snowy carpet of smooth, slippery-looking dough and punched her red cheeks hard—so as to cool them, I suppose—she had a habit of thumping her face when she was a little overcome with the responsibility of her duties. Her flat, broad feet slowly carried her to the door, where she stood for a moment staring thoughtfully at the stretch of pastry on the table, and as she did so she amused herself by pulling her chins up and down.

This disgusted Sambo more than ever—he was really a very fastidious cat: he couldn't bear to see anyone looking TOO WELL-FED.

"Flip-flap, flip-flap" went Cook's square, canoe-shaped shoes over the tiled floor. Then—why, then came the opportunity of Sambo's life. In that moment his hearl overflowed with pride and joy, and even malicious delight—for not only was he going to have a right royal feast—but he was going to have revenge on that tub-shaped Cook. Ugh! And at the thought of her, he shuddered again.

With a quick spring, Sambo got up from his comfortable "folded-up" position, and smiled tenderly at the white feathers that fluttered at him tantalisingly through the straw bag. "Ah, my fine bird, you won't be there long," he whispered, with a gleam of delight in his yellow eyes. Quick—quick—she'd be back again in a moment—now was his time. Just a cautious little coaxing of that attractive-looking straw bag—then—oh, what a rich lick! Sambo didn't pause to think out anything very elegant. In fact, those were his very words—"What a rich lick." Ah! there he went, with a leap that would scarcely have put a frog to shame, his claws fastened themselves securely in the bag, while he gently thrust in his nose at the top, when, with a little flutter and a gleeful jump, out came the finest shower of feathers that ever came from a Christmas goose. Up and down and all around, in his eyes and ears, tickling his nose and chin, frolicking and tumbling all about him, flew those awful white feathers, more and more every moment, dancing into his mouth, till he choked and spluttered and coughed. Then he beat wildly in the air with his paws; but instead of driving them away, out they flew and galloped gleefully, tossing all around him, till the poor misinformed Sambo thought his last hour had come. It hadn't, though, but something a thousand times worse. It was—oh! the unmistakable sounds of Cook's ponderous tread. Then, oh! I weep at the thought of it, the unmistakable caress of Cook's broad, substantial slipper. Oh! how she beat that poor cat about: up in the air, over and over on the ground, and at last right into the bag of feathers. Talk about diabolo!

"Oh—oh, you wretch. Oh, you thieving beast—you miserable, sly, bad-hearted animal! Oh, to think it might have been the goose!" and poor Cook, overcome with her exertions, and with the dreadful thought of what might have been, sank gently on to the floor while the feathers blew delightedly around her.

Alas for the mince pies, I am afraid more feathers got into the pastry than mince—and for fully a month afterwards feathers crept in the most mysterious way out of every dish served up to the table. So that was Sambo's revenge—imprudent cat. He has never tried-on his little dodge again, but waits patiently under the table till Cook thinks fit to throw him any scrap that is suitable for the meal of such a miserable, thieving, bad-hearted cat.

MY LIFE IN AUSTRALIA

BY

George H. Druce

(Edited by KENNETH HENDERSON).

WHEN I recall the incidents of my life in Australia, I am filled with a deep regret. I have lived a hard life, working for my living since the age of fifteen; but it was work without worry, and often now, when I lie awake thinking of the immensity of my task, the ever-recurring trials and misfortunes, and the responsibility which attaches to my actions, I wish I could efface the past eight years, and return to the freedom of a bushman's life. I have often thought that, even if my hopes are fulfilled, it would in no way repay me for the long, anxious years I have spent in attempting to ascertain the truth. Had I had only myself to consider, I would never have left Australia, but the thought of those who come after me has always been uppermost in my mind. But there is little use in wasting time over vain regrets. I have set out to effect a purpose, and don't intend to stop or turn back until my task has been accomplished.

Without wishing in any way to say anything which would be misconstrued as a comment upon the present proceedings, I trust I may be permitted to venture that what Mr. Plowden is asked to give his opinion upon is, without doubt, the most perplexing mystery which has ever been brought before any Court for decision. Personally I know little more about the matter than those who have troubled to wade through the evidence which has been adduced, and although I am vitally concerned, and am sanguine of a successful issue on my behalf, I have always endeavoured to adopt an attitude of indifference with regard to the result. If my grandfather was the fifth Duke of Portland, then I consider I am entitled to his estates. If he was not, then I shall be content to return to my trade and earn my living, as I have done before and am prepared to do again. But until the question has been answered by a jury, I shall continue to hammer and hammer away, for I feel I shall know no real rest whilst any elements of doubt remain.

The Druce Case came as a surprise to me, and it has been a series of surprises ever since. I was working on the model of an invention one morning, when my brother Charles burst, newspaper in hand, into my workshop and said, "George, I believe you're the Duke of Portland." Since that day to this, a period of over eight years, all my endeavours have been used to establish the truth of that assertion.

The Druce mystery is like a germ which every effort to destroy results merely in its being dispersed, with the result of a multiplied force in these disintegrated atoms one hundred times greater than before their disintegration. It is true that at times it may lie dormant, but as soon as its environment becomes suitable, it will develop until its destiny is fulfilled.

The common opinion of the man in the street that there is something in the Druce Case, is akin to that learned ignorance which scientists in all ages have been compelled to display in all the problems of life. These learned scientists can analyse the constituent parts of every living organism, can reduce them to their exact chemical qualities, but that which produces their development these scientists admit is the unread riddle of the universe.

I have been puzzled over and over again to find persons of the most prosaic and well-balanced minds forced, despite themselves, and even against their own deliberate judgment, to make attempt after attempt to solve the riddle. It is like one of those irritating puzzles where the task set is to get together certain geometrical figures. We have before us the picture, at the formation of which we are aiming. But, try as we will, there is always a piece left out, or the parts fall short of what is necessary to its completion. The only thing of which we are certain is that there is an answer, and the diagram on the back of the puzzle-box is a diagram from which the parts have been actually cut, and that there must be some way in which it is possible to replace them. Now, in the Druce mystery we begin with the knowledge that every paradox appearing in it is only an apparent paradox. Could we only see the explanation of, perhaps, one of the most trifling circumstances connected with it, there would flash upon us in a moment the solution of the mystery that would make the rest of the undertaking comparatively simple.

All this, however, has little to do with my life in Australia. Naturally, when my brother brought me the paper which contained a précis of the proceedings which had been instituted by Mrs. A. M. Druce, I was considerably exercised in mind as to what I should do in the matter. At first I busied myself in collecting such documents as would establish my descent from Thomas Charles Druce, of the Baker Street Bazaar, and then in July 1902 I went and consulted Mr. Coburn, who, up to the present day, has been my principal adviser in all matters relating to the furtherance of my claim. At our first interview Mr. Coburn received me, so to speak, "on the end of a fork." He told me afterwards that my statement to him appeared at first sight so hopelessly unbelievable that he wondered who was the greater fool, I to tell it, or he to listen to it. Naturally, I was none too pleased with the tone of my reception. For many months I went about as one crying in the wilderness to whom no one gave heed. I then met a very sympathetic person by whom I was introduced to a number of people, who, I afterwards found out, were determined to exploit my claim, to see if they could discover if any immediate use could be made of my position to aid their own pockets. They made me many promises of unlimited financial support. I did not then know so much of business as I do now. In my ingenuous innocence I was led to believe that the exploiting business men of the Antipodes meant what he said, and I gave myself completely over to them. The result was they experimented on the parties then in litigation, and tried to play a "bluff game" on whichever side they supposed they could best score from. After causing me infinite trouble they threw me overboard, leaving me stranded on the shores of impossibility, gazing fixedly on that which had now become the sole purpose of my life—to establish the claim of myself and my children to our birthright.

In this condition I went again to Mr. Coburn, and this time I succeeded in arousing his curiosity. He still played with the matter however, but gradually began to take a real interest in it. When he had taken the trouble to understand the claim thoroughly, he grew so interested and enthusiastic that he determined to join me and see the case through to a finish. I should like to take this opportunity of saying how unwavering Mr. Coburn's support has been. To this day he has not retreated one step from his determination. Nearly five years have now passed since we joined hands in this endeavour, and throughout that long period he has exclusively devoted himself to my interests.

At first we found very little favour in the eyes of the public, but this we were in a sense prepared for. Such a network of mysterious rubbish had been woven round the life of the Duke by Mrs. A. M. Druce—no relation of mine, by the way—that the public absolutely refused any longer to take the matter *au sérieux*, and for weeks we had to suffer repulse after repulse till the whole undertaking began to look well nigh hopeless. The only ray of light which guided our footsteps during these early months of despair was the Press comments anent the fortunes of the case. The publicity we thereby obtained resulted in many letters, which have furnished important evidence, and indicated the possibility of more to come.

These clues were industriously followed up, and gradually, after months of searching and checking one statement with another, a clear synopsis was made out with a connected story, and one which we considered to a large extent minimised the elements of improbability. Armed with this, we managed to persuade certain gentlemen to lay the case before Counsel for opinion, and they selected the barrister who had appeared in the former litigation. His advice was the means of inducing further support, and finally we came to the point of a negotiation on proper business lines with a number of wealthy City men to finance the whole case for a fixed consideration. All seemed to be now satisfactory. But, alas! the end was not yet, for the inevitable discussion of details disclosed such an attitude of unreasonableness on the part of our proposed financiers that I was unable to see my way to accept their terms, and once more we were afloat on the sea of trouble.

Our next move occupied many months in similar negotiations, only to result in a break-up, through the terms insisted upon being too harsh and unreasonable. In this constantly arising dilemma with proposed financiers, we hit upon the happy expedient of doing without them altogether, by means of floating a company on the basis of a fixed return to those who had the courage of their opinions and invested in its shares. From that date we have worked steadily onwards, gradually building up the case until the present time when the preliminary action is being heard. This is being written just after leaving the Marylebone Police Court on that day when Mr. Atherly Jones, K.C., M.P., closed the case for the prosecution. What the defence will be I cannot be expected to know, but I do hope the outcome will be such as will forever clear up this most perplexing mystery.

(To be continued.)

Photo. Underwood.

FATHER CHRISTMAS IN HIS WORKSHOP.

A late order over the telephone.

"TRUTH SEEKS NO CORNER."—There is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES.—One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold everywhere in 1¾d. tins.—[ADVT.]

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No photograph or manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

All contributions should be addressed to—

THE EDITOR,

The Penny Illustrated Paper,

172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

A GOOD OLD ENGLISH (?) CHRISTMAS DINNER.

COMIC COMMENTS CONCERNING CHRISTMAS.

Stories from Santa Claus

EDMUND POLLOCK

That Truthful Tombstone!

A dispute over the validity of a will caused some amusement recently in the North. The contestants were the deceased's own family, who thought that he had been rather lavish towards charities, and who wished to have the will set aside on the ground that the testator was insane when he made it.

Their action was opposed, and a number of witnesses were called to speak to the testator's sanity and to testify to his character, the deduction from the latter line of argument being that he was just the man to leave money for benevolent objects.

One witness, who did not seem to have been very familiar with the deceased, was interrogated by the judge.

"Can you give me any evidence," he said, "in regard to the character of the testator?"

"Yes, my lord," was the ready answer. "He was a man without blame, beloved and respected by all men, generous and considerate, pure in all his thoughts—"

"Where did you learn that story?" queried the judge, with a smile.

"I copied it from his tombstone, my lord—erected by his family, my lord!"
—*Tit-Bits.*

Only Wanted Half.

The ten-year-old daughter of a very portly mamma seemed overjoyed when her mother promised to take her to a concert on the following evening, and, rushing off to her little writing-desk, produced her diary and made a few notes in it.

"I should dearly like to see what the darling girl has confided in her diary," said the mother to her husband, when the child had gone to bed.

So the portly mamma found the newly-blotted entry, which read as follows—

"Tuesday.—Am going to a concert to-morrow with mother. Wish I could leave half of her at home. It's so uncomfortable to sit on the edge of a chair all night."

At the Finish.

His aunt was rich and elderly. She had called unexpectedly while he was out, and his wife was trying to entertain her by such methods as she thought to be best conducive to their future welfare.

The old lady had recently added a gramophone to her establishment, and when she heard that early that morning her loving nephew had made for her a record of her favourite cornet solo she was delighted.

"How nice of him," she said. "Can I hear it?"

"Well," said her niece, "we haven't tried it yet, but still, I'll put it on."

It was a pronounced success, and the old lady was charmed. But her feelings changed when, after the solo was finished, the instrument brought out with fatal clearness—

"Phew! If that's not good for an extra hundred in the old girl's will, I'm a Dutchman!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

The Queer Querist Wants to Know—

What is the germ of a German band?
What cawses the rook to caw?
Can a meadow-lark about on the land?
Who knows what the cross-cut saw?

Does a window ever feel a pane
At the sight of a hard mill-race?
While the fish balls out with might and main,
And the boot-tongue wags apace?

Who does the tree-bough down to, pray?
Is drilling an awful bore?
Can you mend with glue the break of day?
Does a railway sleeper snore?

Is cloth sold cheap at a cutter's sail?
Can you drive a starboard tack?
Are bucket-shop keepers always pale?
Can you call a pet boot-jack?
—*The Penny Magazine.*

Too Keen a Memory.

A lawsuit had arisen out of a dispute about a right of way, and counsel for the defendant was cross-examining a venerable labourer who had testified that to his knowledge there had been a right of way over the disputed land since he was a boy five years old.

"And how old are you now?" asked the lawyer.

"Eighty five."

"But surely you can't remember things which occurred eighty years ago?" said the lawyer, in affected incredulity.

"Do you hear me? You can go, I tell you."

"Oot o' the change o' a thruppenybit," concluded the venerable witness triumphantly, as he slowly left the box.
—*The Penny Magazine.*

Unrehearsed.

During a performance at a Parisian theatre a man and his wife had to quarrel on the stage—the woman in a fit of jealousy, the man trying to persuade her that she was too suspicious and too passionate.

Both were acting with great spirit, when the wife moved her arm too near a candle, and her muslin dress was instantly in flames.

The performers kept their presence of mind, however. The husband extinguished the fire, and, proceeding with his part, interpolated:

"You see, my dear, I was right; you are ever ready to flare up!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

A Necessary Precaution

"Waiter," said the diner, "I wish you'd ask the proprietors to turn on a little more light. It's so dark in here that I can't tell whether I'm eating filleted sole or a paper of pins."—*The Big Budget.*

PATIENCE UNREWARDED.

MISS SUSAN ELDERTON (after standing under the mistletoe for nearly an hour): "Do you wear an eyeglass because your eyesight is bad, Mr. Shortley?"

MR. SHORTLEY (with emphasis): "No!"

In Illustration.

A well-known man had been lecturing in the North one evening upon colour-blindness, and at the conclusion of his remarks a collier, who had evidently not grasped his lucid explanations, came to him and asked if he would solve the mystery.

"Certainly," said the professor.

"Wot is this culler-blindness, then?"

"Well," replied the learned gentleman, holding up a piece of red-coloured glass, "supposing that when you look at this you imagine it is green—that would be an instance."

"That's culler-blindness, do yer say?" replied the man with a look of disgust. "If yer ask me, I would call it blessed ignorance!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*

Crushed.

The inquisitive visitor to the studio of the famous but crotchety artist propounded the query: "What do you mix your colours with?"

"With brains, sir," replied the painter, in dignified tones.

"Ah!" commented the visitor, "so you paint miniatures."—*Tit-Bits.*

To Tip the Waiter.

Beggar: "Please, Sir, will you lend me a penny ter get something to eat?"

Gentleman: "You've got sixpence in your hand now. What's that for?"

Beggar: "That's to tip the waiter."
—*The Big Budget.*

Better Odds.

A farm labourer was taken ill on a visit to London, and a friend gave him the address of a doctor to whom to go. The fellow soon came back and reported progress.

"I've taken some medicine," said he; "but I'm hanged if I went to that doctor of yours."

"Why?" asked his friend.

"Well," he replied, "I was just about to go in, when I saw on his doorplate his name, 'Dr. X.,' and below it, '10 to 1.' When I saw that I said to myself: 'I'll be hanged if I take such risks as that,' So I went a few doors farther up the street and saw another plate with 'Dr. Y.' and below it '3 to 5.' The odds were better, so I went to him."—*Tit-Bits.*

A Ruined Industry.

The motor-car burglars who have been favouring Lord Lonsdale with a visit were more fortunate than a certain burglar, who, making a midnight foray in a lonely country mansion, was surprised and captured by the owner.

Disposed to be lenient, the master of the house said, "If you will tell me what drove you to this business, I will let you go." "Motors," replied the conquered one, sullenly.

"In what way?" asked the master. "Were you a horseman?" "No," replied the burglar. "I used to have one of the best beggin' stands in London, but how is a feller goin' to have any chance to beg from a man what's wizzin' past at thirty miles an hour?"

The novel excuse so tickled the master of the house that the intruder was promptly released and ordered to "hurry away."—*Daily Express.*

The Joke that Failed.

Mr. Arthur Prince, the famous ventriloquist, who is appearing in the Christmas programme of the Palace Theatre with his irrepressible cabin-boy "Jim," had an amusing adventure the other morning. Mr. Prince was proceeding to the City, and occupied for the nonce the front seat on top of an omnibus. The driver at once recognised him, and said, "'Aven't seen you much lately, Sir." "No," replied Prince, "I have just returned from America." "'Ad a good time, I hope?" "Very." "'Ealth keep good?" "Ont of sight," was the reply. The driver looked thoughtful for a few moments; finally giving it up, he inquired the meaning of the phrase; and it was explained to him that in America "out of sight" was understood to mean "very well indeed." Arriving at Ludgate Circus, the man said, "I'll just work it orf on Bill; and 'ere he comes. 'Ow are yer, Bill?" "Orl right, 'Arry. 'Ow's yerself?" "Me! why, yer can't see me!" And it never occurred to the driver that he had mixed it all up.

"Deed, I can, Sir. And I can mind a year afore that, when your father——"

"That will do; you may go," said counsel, reddening.

"Got an awful wallopin' frae Jean Macintosh——"

"That'll do!" roared the lawyer, wrathfully.

"For cheatin' her two-year-old lassie——"

INCIDENTS OF AN ARCTIC WINTER IN ENGLAND.

Our Artist playfully suggests that this is more likely to happen in August than December.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A Happy Christmas to All in the Home.

About Fancy-Dress Balls.

Few invitations give rise to more excitement than those issued for a fancy-dress ball. Whether it is a children's party merely, or a masquerade for the grown-ups, the important question of what to wear becomes of burning interest. On the Continent, where fancy-dress balls are quite the order of the day, ornate and expensive costumes are indulged in, for there is frequent opportunity of wearing them, and thus their original cost becomes well worth while; but in England, where both little folks and grown-ups are wont to regard a fancy-dress ball as the event of the season, the dress is often only required once, and its cost becomes, therefore, a serious consideration. It is on this account that fancy dresses are so often of home manufacture, as gauzes, tinsel, tulle, and other suitable materials are cheap enough in the purchase, and it only needs taste and ingenuity to transform them into becoming costumes.

The Keynote of Success.

Of course, the keynote of success where a fancy dress is concerned is to study the individuality of the wearer. It is no good for a fair girl to go as the Nut-brown Maid, nor should a dark beauty pose as the Fair One with Golden Locks. Girls who are of a marked type should identify themselves with that type, and girls who essentially belong to some other period than the twentieth century will now have an opportunity of robing themselves accordingly. The demure-looking damsel may elect to go as a Puritan maiden, while the ringletted coquette may garb herself in the picturesque riding-habit of long ago, with plumed hat, trailing skirt, and gauntletted cuffs.

Don't Aim too High.

Ambitious costumes are always best left to experienced hands, but there are numberless dainty characters easy to personify by the amateur dressmaker. A sprite is one of these, as it can practically be carried out according to one's own idea; it does not need to be dressed according to hard-and-fast rule. A few yards of sequinned gauze in white, pink, green, or blue, or tulle mounted upon a gold or silver foundation, will clothe a sprite to perfection. Then there is Queen of the Night, in a frock of black net or chiffon spangled with silver stars, and, of course, displaying a crescent moon. An old black-lace dress can be utilised as a foundation for this impersonation if desired, and a very effective and economical costume will be the result. On the other hand, Star of the Morning can be represented by any dainty white frock appropriately decorated.

Favourite Costumes.

Pierrot and Pierrette are both favourite costumes, and cheap and simple to make at home. Red Riding Hood is ever a favourite, and nowadays so many children possess the red hood and cloak combined, which is half the battle. Little Boy Blue only requires a pale-blue tunic-suit, in linen, silk, or sateen, and Bo-Peep is composed of white muslin (book-muslin or butter-muslin being excellent for the purpose), pink roses, and blue ribbon; and this is suitable for quite big girls as well as tiny tots. Then a farmer's boy is easily achieved with a pair of blue serge knickers aad trousers and a holland overall smocked. Mothers who are clever at smocking will readily accomplish this. A butcher's boy is more simple still, all that is needed being the blue linen coat, called a smock, but in reality quite a plain coat without any sign of smocking.

An Original Costume.

Some girls would prefer not to impersonate a character, but rather to strive after an original idea. A suggestion for this kind of dress might be carried out with cigar-bands. These can he obtained from any tobacconist, and two or three might supply the necessary number. Armed with the cigar-bands, I am sure the ingenuity of my readers will enable them to arrange them satisfactorily on a costume. A brown foundation, the colour of a cigar, should be chosen, and the cigar-bands will form a most artistic trimming.

Paper Costumes.

Crinkled lamp-shade paper has before now been known to supply a novel and striking costume. The expense is very small, rolls of the paper being obtainable in every art shade at about 2¾d. per roll. A girl I knew made a great success of herself as a lettuce, her dress being composed wholly of green crêpe paper tied up with bast. As a trimming to the low-cut neck and sleeves she arranged scallops of red and white calico, the former to represent beetroot, and the latter painted with yellow centres to represent slices of hard-boiled eggs. A paper dress of this description acquires firmness by being tacked on to a foundation of butter muslin, costing only a few pence. Of course, where expense is no object, silk may be used, but these few notes are primarily to aid those who wish a fancy dress of home manufacture at small cost. A pretty but less original idea for crinkled paper is to go as a lamp-shade. Pink, white, or yellow are the most successful shades to choose. A short skirt, very full, garlanded with trails and wreaths of paper flowers, and on the head a candle-shade or small lamp-shade, will be quite easy to manage.

For the Tiny Girl and her Brothers.

Two or three little ones in the same family might go as the King and Queen and Knave of Hearts, or even as numerical cards, such as the five and eight of diamonds. White calico or drill and scarlet twill are the materials required, the costume being of white, with hearts or diamonds cut out of the red material and pasted or sewn on. If rich materials, such as satin, can be afforded, these costumes look extremely well. For the court cards, an ordinary pack of cards will give the best idea how to dress them, for the other cards a simple tunic for a boy and an Empire frock for a girl will make a good foundation for the pips to be arranged upon. Five looks well on a boy's tunic, while eight is a good number to repeat on a girls' dress.

Picturesque and Gay.

A Spanish gipsy is another easy costume to carry out at home. A short red skirt is required, and this must be made full, with two rows of black velvet ribbon above the hem. A white chemisette with elbow sleeves, and a drawstring round the neck, is easily run up, and the corselet or Swiss belt of dark blue velvet, the only part which is at all difficult to cut out and make, can generally be bought ready-made. A tambourine, of course, must be provided, and a gaily coloured silk handkerchief to put round the head, while a display of sequins will improve the costume. Open-work black silk stockings and dainty black-beaded slippers will add the finishing touches.

A waste-paper basket is a most useful possession, for everyone at some time or another has some scraps or torn-up letters which they wish to consign to oblivion. Nothing is better calculated to keep a room tidy than a receptacle for odds-and-ends. Of course, in winter the fire comes in useful, and is a most convenient crematorium for rubbish. When it gives way before the spring sunshine, we all miss that convenient grate. Still, even in winter time, there are rooms heated by gas or electricity where fires are non-existent, and then a waste-paper basket is an immense advantage. A dainty one would make a novel and acceptable present, and one standing 13 in. high, lined with a flowered chintz, the pattern pink roses on a white ground, costs only 6s. 6d. Such a basket would be quite ornamental in a drawing-room, and upon occasion would serve as a flower-pot holder.

Pretty Idea for Waste-Paper Basket.

How to Dress a Christmas Doll.

Splendid painted dolls with biscuit-china faces and magnificent wigs of dark and light curly hair are being offered for 1s. 6¾d. There is hardly a girl child living, under ten years of age, who can resist the fascinations of a doll with clothes to take on and off. A doll can be dressed at home for next to nothing, any scrap-bag usually providing sufficient for the needs of dolly's wardrobe, unless special requirements have to be considered, as, for instance, in the case of a long-clothes baby doll and a fairy doll, both of which, as a rule, are first-favourites with the little ones. For a fairy doll, dewdrop-jewelled chiffon, double width, sold at 1s. 6¾d. per yard, is a most cheap and effective fabric. Besides white, it is stocked in pretty pale colours. A fairy doll might be dressed in a skirt with four or five tiers to stand out full, each skirt a little shorter than the other, but all sewn into the one waist-band. This is quicker and easier than flouncing the skirt, and looks just as well, if not better. Gold and silver tinsel-tissue, twenty inches wide, costs a shilling a yard, and, cut into narrow strips, would make a sparkling border for the skirts and crown for the hair. Wings for the fairy could be fashioned of wire or buckram and covered with silver gauze or tissue. Tulle skirts covered with stars of silver and gold tissue also make a very effective dress for a fairy. The stars can be cut out and then sewn on.

Photos. Nicholls.

The Four-Cup Pudding.

This is a simple pudding, and one which is wholesome for the nursery and dainty for the dining-room. The name is indicative of the recipe, the ingredients required being a cupful each of suet, flour, jam, and of milk not quite a cupful. Chop or grate the suet finely, mix with the flour, add the jam, and finally stir in the milk. Tie up in a cloth and steam. The pudding when done should be of a rich, dark colour. Send to table on a dish covered with a paper doyley, and with a sprinkling of sugar over the top of the pudding.

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"NOT GUILTY!" THE ACQUITTAL OF ROBERT WOOD.

TEN THOUSAND EXCITED PEOPLE WAITING OUTSIDE THE NEW BAILEY TO HEAR THE VERDICT.

AT eight o'clock last Wednesday night the most remarkable criminal trial held within the past fifty years ended at the New Bailey amid scenes of unparalleled excitement.

The interest of the day, which never flagged from the resumption of Wood's cross-examination at half-past ten in the morning, became concentrated from the moment when Mr. Marshall Hall rose after lunch and began his speech for the defence.

The address was eloquent. His appeal to the jury was forceful and effective.

He spoke amid perfect silence, and the feeling in court grew more and more tense as he proceeded.

Sir Charles Mathews' reply was a model of what a speech for the Crown in a great criminal trial should be. While marshalling in severe order the facts relied on by the prosecution, and insisting on their significance, he did not hesitate to admit any points which told for the accused, and recommended to the jury a merciful as well as a just consideration of the whole chain of evidence.

The accused man was the most astounding figure in the whole wonderful picture. While Sir Charles Mathews was pressing home point after point against him, he sat easily in his chair, his right hand, with an artist's pencil protruding between the fingers, resting against his cheek. His legs were comfortably crossed, his left hand supported his right elbow.

In this position he stayed, hour after hour, with almost incredible composure.

All through the summing-up, which was at first against the prisoner, his composure never left him. It was a long ordeal, lasting an hour and twenty minutes, but still he sat in his easy attitude, the pencil still protruding from his fingers, and the only signs of nervousness that escaped him were a momentary moistening of the lips and an occasional passing of his hand across his face.

He listened to a calm arraignment of his acts without flinching. He was as unmoved when Mr. Marshall Hall interrupted to make some corrections in his favour.

The change in the tendency of the Judge's summing-up came only in the last few sentences. As his Lordship denounced the life led by Wood, and the long string of lies with which he had sought to screen himself, and pointed out the damning character of the evidence showing his relations with the dead woman, a tense hush fell on the court.

The jury returned. Their names were rapidly read, and their verdict asked. The foreman drew himself up, and took a deep breath. "NOT GUILTY," he said in a loud voice.

The words were greeted by a storm of hurrahs, and then, for the first time, Wood showed some signs of feeling. The flush on his face deepened, he swallowed once or twice, and tears came into his eyes. He turned from the dock and went downstairs waving his hand to congratulating friends.

FOUND INNOCENT OF MURDER.

Portrait of Robert Wood, taken two hours after his acquittal, at the New Bailey on Wednesday evening, of the Camden Town murder.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS MADE BY SOLDIERS FOR THE QUEEN.

Queen Alexandra has purchased several articles made at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society premises as Christmas presents. Our photographs show a variety of articles made by the men and some old warriors making baskets.

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

DEC. 28 TO JAN. 3.—I feel almost inclined in my just exuberance to raise my hat and shout "Hooray!" for the magic word "sow" is appearing again in my columns this week. Yes, among my plans for the coming few days I am going to find a place for the sowing of the first broad beans. Of course, I shall choose a warm, sunny situation and use the seed of some first-class early sort. I find the best plan to take a large hoe and throw up a ridge about fifteen inches high, running east and west. Half-way up the *south* side of the ridge I plant the seed, three inches apart and about the same depth in the soil. As the seed grows, the ridges may be levelled, and the plants will not need earth drawn up to them at all, as would be the case if grown on the flat. Of course, the soil in which these early beans are planted should have been well dug and manured during the autumn months. This week I am also trying my first planting of sweet-pea seed in the open and also in pots under glass, to be transplanted. Possibly, by this method, one gets stronger plants, and it is to be recommended where convenient. In planting in the open, select a sheltered spot, and see that the ground is well stocked with decayed manure, and also that the seed is planted at a good depth, so that the birds may not get it. To dig a deep trench, fill in a goodly amount of manure, and then cover in with well-broken soil is the wisest method, perhaps. This week I am going to give my shrubbery a surface-dressing with manure, and then lightly fork it in.

My Garden Plans.

The bulbs growing indoors ought now to be making a brave show, and the majority may well be brought to the light. Hyacinths in vases over water should be specially well rooted, however, before being taken from the dark, and with all bulbs the process should be a gradual one—that is to say, the progress from the absolute dark to the light of day should be made in stages. Bulbs in fibre will be needing more and more moisture as the buds form and they come into flower. Give your bulbs as much light and sun as possible now, and keep them from the draught of an open window; moreover, do not leave them near the glass on a sharp frosty night, but set them on the table in the middle of the room when locking up.

Indoor Bulbs.

Many an odd corner in the garden would carry a tub well, and its beauty be enhanced by a show of spring bulbs and summer flowers. Manholes—the horror of the keen gardener—may also be covered with a tub, or tubs, and the sanitary authorities not be one whit disturbed in consequence. Drainage is necessary even with tubs, which should have holes bored in their bases, and a good layer of broken crocks provided beneath the soil, which should be sandy and rich in leaf-mould. Of course, those beautiful examples of the cooper's art in oak or elm, with smart bands, are perfection, but tubs from the grocer's or greengrocer's serve much the same purpose. Margarine tubs are always plentiful, and apple barrels particularly so just now; the latter are easily halved with a saw. In both cases iron hooping (obtainable from an ironmonger at a few pence a pound) should be screwed on to keep the tubs tight in all weathers; and the holes in the bases may well be bored with a red-hot poker.

Tubs in the Garden.

"If the ripe fruit is wanted very early, a few strawberries in pots may be brought inside, cleaned, and started now," says a writer in our excellent contemporary, *Farm, Field, and Fireside*. "A very gentle warmth will move them now that the weather is so mild, and the best plan is to partly plunge the pots in a bed of leaves or tan in a frame or pit, which will create a moist, genial warmth about the plants and suit them to a nicety. But if this is not convenient, they may be started in any light and sunny greenhouse, a temperature of 45 to 50 degrees at night being quite sufficient until the blooms begin to expand and the fruit to set, when they must have at least five degrees, and preferably 10 degrees or more, above this. Do not give much water until the plants are in full flower."

Strawberries in Pots.

How do you plant things? To give you some idea of the importance of careful planting, I would liken plants with animals in this way: 'in all animals there is a part at the back of the neck where a serious injury causes speedy death. We know that in horses the sun beating upon this part (where the spinal column joins the skull) causes sunstroke, madness, and so on. There is a very similar point in plants, between the root and the stem, which we may call the neck or collar, and it is here that plants are so susceptible to injury. For instance, you may at some time have bedded-in a plant and wondered after why it died; perhaps you planted it below the neck or collar? Possibly you have lost seedlings in the same way, through covering this vital part? Planting is a very delicate operation. There must be plenty of room for the roots to spread in all directions; the plants must not be laid in too deeply nor too shallowly. When planting has been completed the earth must be trod firmly round the subject.

A New View.

C. H. M. (Bungay).—(1) Yes, elm-suckery are certainly a great nuisance. The only way to get rid of them is the somewhat hard one of digging deeply down and removing the roots.

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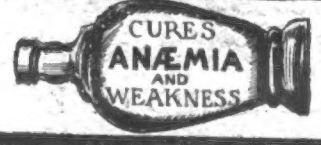

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